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Written for the New Northwest.

Answer to "The Thoughts of a Mourning Mother."

What though your body was buried to-day Down in the depths of the shadowy gray clay— It was only the basket that held your pride, Your body has never left your side.

The angels will kiss her, and her woe will cease That she ever knew sorrow, and her hands no more Are folded with lilies, white flowers more rare Are folded round the brow of your darling fair.

The angels will teach her her pinions to plume, That she may have heaven about your home, And her dear little mouth, with its dimpling smile, Of whippersnappers, your heart to beguile.

Jesus the Christ who loved children here Transplanted your bed to blossom elsewhere; From his arms your child to your mother to give Long ere you laid her in her little grave.

Are angels not mothers with hearts in their breast The same as before they were saints gone to rest? Does the crumpling easket when once laid away Change the heart's best affections to cold, pulseless clay?

Ah, not but when we as spirits shall roam Through the vapory paths of our own mystic home, The friends who have crossed after the first we shall greet As we open our eyes after Death's dark retreat.

Then weep not, but wait for the boatman's call, Who sooner or later comes for all; Who will proudly pilot you, fair gentle lady, Where you'll meet the angel who cares for your baby.

PORTLAND, July 2, 1873.

ELLEN DOWD, THE FARMER'S WIFE.

PART SECOND.

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1873 by Mrs. A. J. Denney, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington City.

CHAPTER IV. With his feelings of exultation changed to despair, poor Peter, the injured husband of Ellen Dowd, returned to his home and confronted Polly Jones, who, with the everlasting laces laid aside at the window awaiting him, she had expected nothing else but that the decree of divorce would be granted, and was not prepared for the crestfallen, disappointed look with which the man encountered her.

"The fact's in the fire, Polly," said he, sinking into a chair. "What do you mean?" was the startled query.

"I mean just what I say, ma'am. The suit for divorce is set aside, and there's no prospect now for you and me to marry till after the fall term."

The woman turned and confronted him. "You don't mean to say that you didn't prove nothing?"

"I do mean to say just that. Everything was going on just right, and the jury had their verdict as plain as anything all over their faces, when Ellen stepped forward like one bewitched and made a plea like any lawyer. I never heard anything like it. Then she showed old Graham's will, and proved herself owner of the old man's property just as I was making up my mind to buy in the farm at Sheriff's sale in behalf of the State. I think, after all, I'll see if I can't make up with Ellen. She'd be good enough if she had her own way, and you do to do the work, I reckon."

Polly Jones took down the broom and raised a vigorous dust. The lines about her mouth grew well defined, her black eyes snapped, and her whole frame seemed wrought with nervous excitement and alarm.

"When do you mean to go and see her?" she asked huskily. "Not before to-morrow; but I mean to go then."

Polly Jones attacked the supper with a reckless vim. Everything was dispatched in haste, and when the evening's work was done and the horned moon arose behind the distant trees, she prepared herself for flight. Trying up her few effects in a little bundle, and satisfying herself that her movements were not watched, she hurried away, across the Mackinaw and out into the highway, in the direction of the home of Ellen Dowd. She found her sitting in the moonlight with her hands clasped across her eyes, engaged in abstract thought. The rustling of twigs in the doorway roused her, and looking up, she confronted Polly Jones, who, dropping upon her knees before her, begged for a quiet hearing. Ellen's first impulse was to strike her. The last time they had met coarse words of insult loaded the low woman's tongue, and the last act of hers that Ellen had witnessed was her cruel blow upon the head of her darling little boy. Something in the woman's pleading look arrested her anger, and listening while the woman told her story, the troubled Ellen forgot her own cares.

"Long and earnestly they talked. The silent moon passed quietly behind the trees and hid herself, as if she faintly would consent to their secret thoughts.

"It was years ago," said the woman. "I was not wicked then, and I loved the man more than my life. It don't seem right for God to give us hearts to love with and leave us at the mercy of the men who drag us down. When my baby was born my mother drove me out of doors. 'Pears like we never had much love in our family, an' I was so

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weak I couldn't more'n walk when I took my child in my arms an' started out to find strangers who would treat me better'n my own flesh. It wasn't more'n three miles or so from where we lived to the home of a rich farmer who wanted a cook for harvest; so I went to his house, an' though my baby was a great deal o' trouble and cried o' nights, I kept up pretty well with the work. I was willin' to do anything just to be with my baby, but one day the farmer said if I'd swear to the father o' the child, he'd have to allow me money to support him. I oughtn't to a' done it, but winter was comin' on an' I was afraid I couldn't get work, an' I felt it was nothin' more'n right that Harry should do something for his boy. So I went into court an' I swore—I tell you that court an' them lawyers made a demon o' me with their awful questions; I've never cared for nothin' since—an' when it was proved about the child, the law just took him from me, an' it's ten years come August, an' I never seen him since. Peter Dowd said he'd marry me when he should be divorced, an' it was all settled. He's rich, you know, an' when I got money then I was goin' to steal my boy."

Ellen Dowd placed her hand compassionately upon the head of the poor out-cast.

"Don't touch me!" she shrieked. "You're innocent, I know, an' I'm more wicked than you can think."

Ellen rose to her feet. "Polly Jones, look at me," she said laughingly. "I comprehend it all, you and Peter Dowd are guilty of that of which you have been accusing me. You are suffering the fearful consequences of an awful sin. It is not just that you should bear it alone. Had you succeeded in disgracing me, as you and he expected, you would have been legally married, and the world would have overlooked it if it had ever known your guilt. But you have failed, and now you are at my mercy. Listen to me. This home is mine and I will share it with you. I care nothing for the opinion of the world. You are a fellow creature, and I too well know the needs of women in your condition to turn you from me at a time like this."

The woman fell prostrate at her feet and wept. Ellen knelt beside her, and taking her large, red hand between her own semi-transparent fingers, spoke words of forgiveness and hope.

"To-morrow you say Peter Dowd is coming here to see if I will not conclude to return to him. Let him come. I will meet him."

"But I can't meet him," said poor Polly Jones. "Why not? You are just as good as he."

The old clock, which Aunt Betsy Graham had so often wound, tolled solemnly the hour of one before these women sought their couches.

The next morning Peter Dowd sat about his household duties with a heavy heart and awkward hands.

"Strange," he muttered, "that so much of any household's comfort depends upon a woman."

It was ten o'clock before the chores were done, and then, dressing the twins with as much care as he could bestow, and tucking them with him as a decoy, the humbled, baffled fellow started off a courting. Smile, reader, if you will. We know he hasn't very much of your sympathy.

Ellen had not seen her little ones for months. Hiding the poor, giddy man, whom with her good, samaritain impulses she had given shelter, to hide herself in an adjoining room where she could hear all that should pass between herself and Peter Dowd, she loomed herself in the doorway and with throbbing heart awaited his coming.

The little ones came tripping up the walk to meet her, while the abashed husband, with drooping head, stalked behind them, thinking possibly of the time, years before, when Ellen, in the sprightly morning of her girlhood, employed him as a hired man to work on the old D'Arcy estate. He had sense enough not to interfere while Ellen caressed her children.

"O mamma, can't I stay with you always?" said Bob pleadingly.

Sitting down on the doorstep with the little ones in her arms, and blocking ingress to the house, the mother looked her truant husband in the eyes and said:

"I thank you, Peter, for bringing me my babies. You'll let me keep them for a while now, won't you?"

"Ellen," dropping down upon the grass before her and speaking huskily, "I'm very sorry that I ever doubted you. You're a good woman—I know that—and I've been thinking that I haven't always done just right by you, and now I'd like to prove how much I believe in your innocence by taking you home and keeping you like a lady."

"Peter Dowd, do you think I have forgotten the cruel blow you gave me when I sprang to save my child from the hands of that enraged mistress of yours?" Her voice was tremulous with excitement now, and she looked ready to tear him in pieces. "Have you forgotten, Peter Dowd, the nice game that you had arranged for my benefit—to get a divorce from me for a sin of which you were guilty, and thus cast me off, innocent but disgraced, destitute, childless?"

A week after the divorce was obtained Peter Dowd and Polly Jones were married in the home of Ellen by the dark-eyed stranger clergyman who had officiated as foreman of the jury upon the

occasion of Ellen's trial. Dr. Goff was the only witness besides Ellen. The children had been sent away for a holiday in the care of Jackie Hamilton by their judicious mother, and when the evening came and they were home again, in response to their query as to the whereabouts of Polly Jones, she briefly explained to them that she had gone to be their father's house-keeper.

In a few weeks the wife of Peter Dowd became a mother.

If Ellen suffered under the scandal that ran like wild-fire through the neighborhood, she gave no sign. Content among her group of little ones, she passed the following winter, and in the spring changes awaited her, of which, friendly reader, you shall learn in the forthcoming chapter.

(To be continued.)

Lady Langton on Woman Suffrage.

A few weeks ago, Lady Langton, President of the Bath (England) Woman Suffrage Society, was one of the speakers at a large meeting held at the Hanover Square rooms, in support of Mr. Jacob Bright's Bill for removing the Political Disabilities of women. In moving one of the resolutions, she said:

It seems to me that on this question of women's voting, great misapprehension exists. When it is mentioned in society, its promoters are accused of revolutionizing domestic life, of setting women in authority over men. This is a mistake; we have no such intention; it would be folly to make women ridiculous. Speaking for women, I say we have far more respect for our husbands and fathers to think for an instant, even if it were possible, of depriving them of the headship. Happy wedded life, where husband and wife mutually aid each other in their interests and occupations, is the greatest of earthly blessings; but such happiness is not the lot of all.

I do not ask for the franchise for women, but for the right to vote, or for young wives whose hearts and hands are full of domestic duties, but we ask it for those women who have the qualification which is required of men. Many circumstances, however, prevent women from bringing forward this claim. The spread of education and cheap literature, the quicker circulation of ideas, the more active life of men, consequent upon the lowering of the standard of Englishmen, and the removal of many impediments in the way of their work. They are trying by perfectly legitimate means to use that influence they are reputed to possess, and of which some women are justly proud. There is now the wish of many intelligent women—the political franchise. Is not this a higher, nobler aim than amusement, dress and finery? These last men gave women, but not the franchise. The franchise would be rather a trouble to them. Women who are generous and liberal will allow that charity does not consist in alms-giving. There is a quality—sympathy—which does more to bind heart to heart, and to smooth away the distinctions of class, than the giving of gold. Exercise that sympathy in behalf of our less fortunate sisters, who work alone and amidst difficulties and temptations. In a little while, then, I think you will agree with the opinion I have long held, that in reason and in justice the franchise should be given to those women who have the qualification which is required of men. I therefore move the resolution, "That this meeting approves of the bill entitled 'Bill to remove the Political Disabilities of Women,' and authorize its Chairman to sign petitions in favor of both Houses of Parliament."

Miss Jennie H. Richards, late en-grossing Clerk of the Iowa Senate, has accepted a position on the editorial staff of the State Printing Company, and is daily engaged in preparing copy for the fifty papers now supplied with auxiliary sheets by the Des Moines institution.

How often a sound night's sleep changes our feelings towards those who differ from us! And how cautious, after this experience, should we be in our hasty, ill-digested denunciations of the conduct and opinions of others!

Common Sense.

Henry B. Blackwell, of the editorial staff of the *Woman's Journal*, speaks as follows at the Annual Suffrage meeting in Boston, Anniversary Week:

Woman Suffrage is a necessity, whether viewed from a moral, religious, intellectual or political standpoint. Instead of thinking women masculine, it will refine the qualities of the country and by enlarging woman's opportunities will develop the purity and gentleness inherent in the female character.

We are all walking in a dream, so blind are we to the terrible evils which flow from woman's subjection, from the repression of her faculties, by her dress and education. From the very cradle, young girls are deprived of the physical training and mental stimulus which boys enjoy. When the boys play ball or skates, the girl is shut up in the lady with her doll and miniature sewing.

But the leading Eastern colleges exclude the women of our England while they admit the natives of China, Japan and the Sandwich Islands. The Legislature of Michigan compelled the Board of Regents to admit women to the State University, and the Legislature of Massachusetts compel Harvard, Amherst and Williams to do the same.

In the labor market woman suffers her greatest disadvantage. Viewed from a crime result from low wages, and women need the ballot to protect themselves. Diversity of employment alone will remedy low wages, and remove the evil of excessive competition.

We demand suffrage for women because women are different and in some respects superior to men as men are different and in some respects superior to women. We want human nature represented, and the woman element in politics is needed. Heretofore the statement made by Dr. Jarvis lately that "the woman is a more sensible than man," he urged that a law should be just as rigidly enforced against male night-walkers as against female night-walkers. The Boston Chief of Police has called upon the Legislature for such a law, but in vain. This winter Mr. Bowker, a suffrage member of the Legislature, tried to have a law enacted punishing the keepers of houses of prostitution with imprisonment if they passed the House but was defeated in the Senate.

Suffrage must be the remedy for these evils. The social evil will find its first check in the equalization of wages. He who is refused the unjust laws, as to the property of married women in Massachusetts in regard to the mutual inheritance of property, protection, guardianship and management of children, etc., should be a member of the Judiciary Committee.

Mr. Blackwell's candidate would be reported a bill, but it was referred without debate to the next Legislature for want of time, and then weeks were spent in discussing the management of the Hoosac Tunnel. No disfranchised class ever found an enemy who will give in courts or enjoy equal compensation and equal privileges with an enfranchised class.

The question of labor is vital. Let us stop anything that men can do to let the world recognize her right; let her take her place in the social circle just as she would if she were not laboring; let women go into any employment they choose, and with this comes the necessary increase of pay. A man who marries for money is despised, and yet you educate women for that. Woman Suffrage changes all this, and educates the women to care for themselves, and no longer be dependent on fathers, husbands and brothers. Woman Suffrage is to solve most of the social questions that are now agitating both men and women. Mr. Blackwell's candidate would be defeated, and the women of Utah saved the wrong and humiliation that bill would bring them. For the future Mr. Blackwell's candidate would be the man who believed in and worked for Woman Suffrage, be he Democrat, Labor Reformer, Republican or Prohibitionist.

Speaking of the Utah bill, he said that it was defeated by Mr. Sargent, Gen. Butler and others, who having kept telegraphic entreaty to do so, "unilateral and killed the bill." He severely censured the Massachusetts Legislature, and pronounced a government which gave to every foreigner and pauper the right to vote, while depriving women of the same privilege, degrading the manhood of the Republic.

He urged his hearers to vote for any party that would grant the right of suffrage to women, and expressed the hope that Mr. Fitzgerald's Republican constitution would send the bill to the Legislature as long as he was to go there, that he might vote and argue for the rights of women.

One can be married cheap in New Hampshire. A clergyman in that State, having performed the interesting ceremony, was asked his price by the bridegroom. On replying that he had drawn him two dollars, the newly married man promptly handed him fifty cents, remarking, "Well, that will make two dollars and fifty cents for you," and disappeared with his bride.

Mr. Sumner Interviewed.

HIS RECOLLECTIONS OF SOME NOTABILITIES.

"Olivia," the correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press*, gives the following result of an interview with Senator Sumner:

We will examine Charles Sumner in the same way that we would a picture, while his fine house and exquisite surroundings may be called the frame. Stand a little way off, because light is needed, and remember, he is seen to best advantage in his "work-room."

An easy chair high enough to support the head, is drawn before the open grate, and its capacious depths reflect the majestic figure of Mirabeau, but the face was distorted by his Maker expressly for Charles Sumner. It is one of the best living pictures that first shadows the exceeding grace of autumn. The sense of harmony in its highest embodiment is met in the face, but the vision is neutral-tinted, with all the clear glories left out—even the long dressing-gown, with its heavy tassels, its soft, bluish-gray.

In scanning the features, you realize that the artist has been trying to find the classical order of art. You see it in the royal head crowned by its abundant gray hair, in the oval face and clear eyes, which, if you watch closely, you can catch a glimpse of the soul within. Observe the Greek nose and finely modeled lips, which are never used except to make the world wise or better.

Now add the manners of an English lord and an improvement on the Greek nose, and we have the picture of the simple American gentleman.

The difference between spending a morning with Charles Sumner or learning about him through the newspapers is like quenching our thirst at a fountain at Saratoga or procuring an elixir at a drug store. It may be that your apothecary is honest, and that you are imbibing genuine Congress water, and then again, perhaps, you are the victim of misplaced information. With his

eyes, make a visit to the model "work-room," located at the Sumner will take us into the company of the famous people of the world. He will tell us about meeting George Eliot at a dinner party, and about being in the same ship with George Sand, when we can say to him with enthusiasm:

"Tell us about this wonderful George Eliot. How old is she? Whom does she look like, and what do you think her greatest intellectual reputation is?"

"I think her a great woman—perhaps the greatest—but time must decide all things concerning her. I have a picture among my books of a young man much like her—so much so that it would answer very well for her portrait."

The picture is found. It represents Lorenzo de Medici, and is ugly to the last degree.

"Not like that. No! It cannot be possible that her face is as wide as it is long; that these are her eyes, that her nose, that is a very large part of the face you see looking out of the moon?"

"It may be a plain face," says Mr. Sumner, "but then it is so strong and noticeable a face, that it will never be forgotten. It was referred to by me."

"But the hair is cut short like a man's."

"That is a matter of taste. You see at a glance that she lacks vanity, which is another sign of a great woman. I also met Mr. Lewis, her husband. He is noted for his German studies, but is so no eminent as his wife."

"About her age, Mr. Sumner?"

"That is a very hard point to settle, but without flattery I should think her beyond fifty."

"Beyond fifty, and still writing the best love stories that the world enjoys?"

"Why not? Genius never grows old."

"But about George Sand?"

"I met this famous woman many years ago, on a steamer. We were going from Marseille to Genoa, and among the passengers (this woman in particular attracted my attention, because she held by the hand a very beautiful child. I have never observed such hair on a child's head. It was the real gold color, and fell to his knees, not in curls, but in waves. The lady wore the Spanish costume. I now recall her Spanish mantle, sign was short—we might call her thick-set—not handsome, yet holding her child by the hand. I had a curiosity to find out her name. She was accompanied by a tall, slender gentleman. They kept aloof from the other passengers, and seemed to find society enough in each other. Upon inquiry I found her to be the celebrated George Sand. At that time she was the topic of conversation everywhere. She made a very distinct impression on my mind. She was comparatively a young woman."

"On board the same ship I was interested in two other passengers. This time it was an aged couple. The old gentleman carried his gold-headed cane and bustled around as if it was his mission to entertain everybody. One would almost think that he thought himself in an honor house and the people around him his guests. The aged wife was at his side, helping in the good work. I noticed a respect shown them which age alone cannot always command. I soon learned the man to be one of Charles the Tenth's Ministers of Finance. I shall always remember the extreme courtesy and politeness of these old people, and their endeavor to make everybody happy around them."

"Did they go to George Sand?"

"No, for the lady and her cavalier kept to themselves, and did not seem to need any exertions in their favor."

In the conversation about the private lives of writers, a query came to my mind: "Will a woman of good judgment marry a man fifteen years younger than herself?"

"I shall have to refer you to Mr. Disraeli. I know that he had a very happy marriage. I met Mr. Disraeli and his wife at Munich, when they were on their wedding tour. At the principal hotel we met at the breakfast table, Mr. Disraeli said by the side of his newly-made wife. He might have been, or at least looked, about thirty years old. His intensely black hair was smoothed to perfection. At that time he had become famous as an author. Everything seemed noticeably new to him. Mrs. Disraeli appeared like a kind-hearted, middle-aged English woman, and Disraeli seemed the one to carry the load that he had drawn the prize. Time has shown how devoted they were to each other. In the last few months of her life we hear of his walking by her side and supporting her tenderly. She must have been nearly,

Independent in Politics and Religion. Alive to all Live Issues, and Thoroughly Radical in Opposing and Exposing the Wrongs of the Masses.

Correspondents writing over assumed signatures must make known their names to the Editor, or no attention will be given to their communications.

If not quite, eighty. In my opinion, Disraeli is a too old, most remarkable men of his age, when we remember the obstacles he had to overcome to reach the position he occupies in England. The prejudices which exist there against his Jewish faith alone is enough to chill the most ambitious."

John Jillean's View of Woman Suffrage. Mr. Editor:—Hoorah! They oughtn't to vote! I've been studying the matter carefully, first at the Constitutional Convention, and then in the papers, and I'm convinced. I was convinced before I began, but now I'm much more so; in fact, I'm rather more convinced than there's any use in being on a single subject; it seems like a waste of good arguments; and so, as it's likely some of your readers haven't had my chances of enlightenment, I thought they (the arguments) might as well be used again (with a little care, of course, not to stretch them too violently).

Firstly, then, the female ought not to vote because her mind is easily swayed. (Emotional, you know—creature of impulses—moved through her affections—what she sees to be in the hands of designing politicians.)

Second—She ought not to vote because the female is naturally headstrong. (Proved by the proverb of old Ages. "When she will she won't be ruled by all of it." Put her in a jury box, and she'll keep us there till doomsday for a mere matter of opinion.)

Third—She is too retiring. (Can't get "tired" to speak up, or to push forward, for instance, to get a good place at a steambath dinner—no moral courage.)

Fourth—She is too brazen. (That's easy enough to prove—no use wasting time on it.)

Fifth—She couldn't be induced to vote. (Why, a lady told me only yesterday she had all the power she wanted at a drug store. It may be that your apothecary is honest, and that you are imbibing genuine Congress water, and then again, perhaps, you are the victim of misplaced information. With his

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